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No. 426

Twelve Good Men and True

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

BY

BESSIE SPRINGER BREENE

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order of their appearance)

Juror Number	Occupation
No. One	*Real estate*
No. Two	*Milliner*
No. Three	*Manicurist*
No. Four	*Club woman*
No. Five	*Schoolteacher*
No. Six	*Secretary of Woman's Party*
No. Seven	*Bride of six weeks*
No. Eight	*Housewife (mother of nine)*
No. Nine	*Housewife*
No. Ten	*Spinster* } Twins
No. Eleven	*Spinster* }
No. Twelve	*Prima Donna*

Scene: *A jury room. 2.00 P.M.*

The curtain falls for a couple of minutes to indicate the passing of several hours.

Note: In presenting this play it must be constantly borne in mind that the action must be very snappy throughout. The speeches must be picked up instantly and there must be no lagging on the cues. In the places where the characters all speak at once, each member of the cast must endeavor to make herself heard above the rest, thus creating the sense of confusion and the noise so necessary to the comedy element.

Twelve Good Men and True

SCENE: *A jury room. 2.00 P.M.*

The curtain rises upon a room with two windows at the back, shaded with green shades that are drawn up unevenly, and at right a door leading to the court room. At C. *and at right angle to the footlights, a long, heavy table, and about it twelve chairs of the type used in an office. There is one larger armchair above the table facing the footlights and facing it with back to the footlights another. Down each side of the table are five chairs. On the table in front of the arm chair a ballot box of the sort used in a jury room, piles of paper slips and at each place a pencil. The warm Spring sun streams in at the windows.*

There is a short pause and then the door R. *is opened, and the jury enters, in the order of their numbering. As the last one files in, the door is shut behind them.*

No. One, the foreman, strides rapidly in. Very businesslike. Short, fat, red-faced. Wears an unfashionable coat and an impossible hat of violent cerise, on which nods an aggressive feather. Speaks loudly and crisply, and is the bossy type. She seats herself at the head of the table, facing the audience, takes off her coat, adjusts a pair of glasses at a

perilous angle and surveys the rest, with hands on her hips.

No. Two comes in, smirking at the invisible doorman, and sinks with what she evidently thinks is "killing" effect, into a seat next but one to the foot of the table. (See diagram for seating arrangement.) No. Two is flashily but fashionably dressed in the extreme of the mode. Wears a green, much-beplumed hat, large fur and a dress suitable to a reception. Several expensive bracelets jingle on her arms and vie with the diamonds on her fingers, which she makes sure everyone sees. She also "sports" a lorgnette. Her age is about 35, and she is good-looking, but too much made-up.

No. Three walks in with a very "jazzy" walk. She wears a dark silk skirt, a very thin georgette waist and elaborate underwear. A sailor hat is set jauntily on her peroxided hair, and she wears a very expensive fur coat, gray suede shoes with thin gray hose, contrasting with the tan color ones worn by No. Two, and instead of the large bag carried by the latter, a silver arrangement with a lip stick, a rouge box, a powder box and eyebrow pencil and a purse rattle together on one chain which she carries in her hand. As she sinks into the chair at the foot of the table, crowding past No. Four, who is making for the same seat, she languidly removes her coat and procuring a huge "chew" of gum, proceeds to chew it rapidly and noisily during what follows.

No. Four, an imposing, gray-haired matron, much marcelled and elegantly gowned in simple, correct manner, suited to the occasion, sweeps in and up to the seat, but is forced to step aside from No. Three's onslaught. Raising her lorgnette she gazes at this "specimen" and is about to sweep majestically to a seat as far as possible from this person, but as she gets around the table, No. Five sinks into this chair.

No. Five is small, lean, middle-aged, with spectacles. Nervous, deprecating manner, wears a shirtwaist dark blue silk, cut high in the neck, and fastened with an old-fashioned brooch. She wears a shabby but neat coat and a plain "home-made" hat.

No. Six, bustling in, very "tailor-made" young person with huge horn-rimmed glasses and a masculine manner, flops into the seat on the foreman's right hand just as No. Four gets to it.

No. Seven, small, pretty, young and fashionable, breezes in and preëmpts the chair on the foreman's left just as No. Four goes for that one. No. Four is getting stiffer all the time. No. Ten and Eleven trot in and grab the seats on each side of No. Five, so No. Four goes around the other side of the table, but finds herself too late. No. Eight, stout, dowdy, good-natured, a face radiating good nature and an easy-going disposition, has deposited herself next to No. Six. No. Eight is the mother of nine thriving youngsters.

No. Four doesn't think much of sitting next to No. Two, as her expression and business with the lorgnette states, but it is better than being next to the gum-chewing creature at the foot of the table, but again she is beaten to it.

No. Twelve, affecting an undulating walk, and spectacular in her black hat, very large and extreme, her black wrap, her thin, black hose, her black velvet bag containing a large mirror, powder and other first-aids to beauty, her artistic pallor, achieved by liquid powder, and startling red lips, minces along on her high, black, suede pumps, humming a little tune under her breath. She sinks, with "every move a picture," into the seat between No. Two and No. Eight, and No. Four again raising the lorgnette, disgust written large upon her face, sees that No. Nine, a tall, angular, sparse woman, iron-gray hair drawn

tightly back in a hard knot, surmounted by a hat boasting some roses of a dyspeptic yellow, a plush coat, gray cotton gloves, and nose glasses, has taken the seat on No. Three's right, leaving only the seat on No. Three's left, and sandwiched in between No. Three and No. Two, No. Four sits bolt upright on the edge of her seat and is oblivious to the attempts of No. Two to ingratiate herself with this important society matron.

No. Ten and Eleven resemble each other. Both are thin, very erect, both are dressed alike in a costume of the vintage of 1892 or thereabouts. Both wear hats set high on "rats," both wear old mink "tippits" about their necks, and both talk in a high-pitched, very rapid manner, and one or the other invariably finishes the sentence the other begins. They are one in thought, actions and speech, and they talk constantly to each other or to the bewildered No. Five who is sitting between them.

No. Nine, about to take off her coat, sees the shades are not evenly drawn, gets up, bustles over, pulls them straight, blows some dust off the window-sill, sees a speck on the glass, takes a duster from the large bag she carries, wipes off the glass vigorously and returns to her seat, flaps the duster about her chair, says something to No. Eleven, sitting beside her, about the "dirt everywhere" and settles herself again in her seat.

No. Six takes off her coat with a businesslike air, blows her nose loudly and is ready for business. No. Four, still wearing her coat, does not take it off, but fans herself with a handkerchief.

As the rustle of seating them subsided, No. One rises and raps on the table. The chatter stops.

No. One. *(Consulting some notes which she holds in her hands)* Now, girls, we might as well

get down to brass tacks. I've made a few notes and here's what we've got to decide. James Snodgrass is suing Miss Amelia Stumps for breach of promise——

No. Six. *(Who has been consulting her notes)* Miss Stumps——

No. One. Look here, young woman, I'm foreman of this jury, and I'm doing the talking. Let's understand each other right off.

No. Six. *(Speaking)* But James Snodgrass says——

No. Seven. *(Jumping up)* Oh, I forgot to telephone Archibald. Excuse me just a minute. *(Runs over to the door to the disgust of* No. One *and* No. Six, *rattles the door and it opens)* I want to go out and use the telephone. *(Stops short, amazed and angry)* I can't? Why, I must. I want to call up my husband. *(Furious, she turns to the others)* This perfectly disgusting man here at the door says I can't telephone Archibald while I'm sitting on a jury. Did you ever *hear* of anything so silly——

No. Six. Of course you can't telephone——

No. Seven. Well, I'd just like to see anybody stop me from calling up my husband. *(Tries to push her way out, but is held by the unseen doorman.)*

No. One. Come back here and sit down and don't be a fool, young woman.

No. Seven. But what will Archibald think—— *(She argues with the doorman.)*

No. Six. Let's get started. This, ladies, is the first all-woman jury that has sat on any case since women got their rightful recognition. I consider this to be the opportunity of our lives to show the men once and for all that women are more efficient, more rapid in decisions, more just, less given to prejudice—in short, far better fitted to serve on juries than the men are themselves.

No. THREE. *(Shifting her gum)* My Gawd! *(To* No. FOUR*)* She's one of them walkin' delegates. *Good night!*

(No. FOUR *surveys her through lorgnette and moves closer to* No. Two, *who, intrigued by* No. FOUR'S *dexterity with the glasses, begins to practice the use of them herself.)*

No. SEVEN. *(Loudly)* But I always telephone Archibald between twelve and two, *every* day—*(Consults watch)*—and it's after two now——

No. TWO. *(Intent on impressing* No. FOUR*)* He's darn glad of a rest, I'll bet. You know, I've been married four times—*and* divorced four times, too, and I know men from the ground up, and I'm here to tell you——

*(*No. ONE *raps for silence.)*

No. FOUR. *(Raising lorgnette)* Very interesting, I'm shore—— *(Draws back from* No. Two.*)*

*(*No. ONE *raps, but all are talking to their neighbors.)*

No. EIGHT. I always clean on Tuesdays, turn up the whole house——

No. NINE. Yep, nine kiddies—and Willie's my youngest——

*(*No. FIVE *is looking wildly from* No. TEN *to* No. ELEVEN, *who are deluging her with conversation.)*

No. TEN. The Ladies' Aid——

No. ELEVEN. Forty-nine suits of woolen underwear for the Fiji Islanders——

No. Seven. *(At door, stamping foot)* I think you're a horrid old thing——

No. Twelve. *(Confiding to* No. Three, *who isn't interested)* Caruso heard me sing and he—I sing a perfect high E——

No. Two. *(Warming to her subject)* Yes, sir, I've tried it four times and now I'm thinking of a fifth—you get sort of used to having husbands around—I've got a millinery store now and——

No. Ten. *(Cutting in in high voice) Four* husbands—dear me, dear me, how romantic.

No. Eleven. *(Joining her on last word)*—romantic.

No. Ten. Pity's sake, what become of them—did——

No. Eleven. did they all——

No. Ten. die?

No. Two. Die? Don't make me laugh. Why, the other night I breezed into the Brightlights café, and who should I see but Cumming—he was No. 1. Well, I said to Jake—he's my new steady—'There's Cummings'—and I hardly got the words out when who should I see but Solowsky—he was No. Three on my list—say, it was a scream——

No. Ten *and* No. Eleven. Dear me, dear me.

No. Three. You're some fast worker, I'll say——

*(*No. Four *pulls definitely away from this specimen but at the sound of* No. Three's *voice, she remembers what is on her right and looking between the devil and the deep sea she pushes back her chair and sits a little distance from the table, bolt upright and fanning herself.* No. Six *blows nose again loudly.)*

No. Eight. What you got, adenoids? My Rosabelle has 'em and the doctor says——

No. Six. *(Rapping for order and glaring at* No. Eight*)* This is a jury meeting, not a clinic——

No. One. And I'm the foreman—keep your nose in your own affairs and you'll do better, young woman—*(Raps)*—Kindly—kindly say——

No. Two. *(To* No. Three*)* I got a rich story to tell you, kid——

No. Three. Spring it—*(*No. One, *hearing this, stops rapping and leans forward to try to catch it, but* No. Two, *leaning over, has imparted it to* No. Three, *who roars with laughter)* That's a bird—where'd you hear that——

No. Ten. *(To* No. Five*)* You ain't married—why——

No. Eleven. Ain't you? What's your——

No. Ten. business——

No. Five. *(Nervously rubbing her glasses and putting them on again)* Really—I—don't—why, I teach school.

No. One. *(Rapping)* Listen, we've gotta decide about this case——

No. Eight. *(To* No. Twelve, *posed effectively)* My little Willie, he's the youngest—he's the *smartest* kid—yesterday he says—"Mama, why do fish swim?" I nearly died a-laughin'——

No. Twelve. *(Mirthlessly)* Ha, ha——

No. Eight. Yessum, I've got nine children and——

No. Ten. Nine—goodness me, Ma had——

No. Eleven. Ma had fifteen——

No. Two. And I'll bet *she's* dead——

No. Ten. Yes, poor, dear Ma—— Why, Annie, Ma died sixteen years ago to-day——

No. Eleven. So she did, poor, dear soul, we should have went to the cemetery——

No. THREE. You're there now and don't know it, old dear——

(No. TEN and No. ELEVEN glare.)

No. SEVEN. *(At door)* I insist on using the telephone—what do I care about the old law, I want to talk to Arch—*(The door slams in her face, and she turns around with a gasp)*—why, the rudeness of that creature——

No. SIX. There should, of course, be women court attachés, then we shall have the right atmosphere and courtesy——

No. ONE. If you'd all close your jaws for about two seconds, I'd like to say——

No. EIGHT. *(To* No. FIVE*)* School teachin's a hard business, ain't it?

No. TEN. *(Yelling across to* No. FOUR*)* Yes, ma'm, Ma had ten convulsions before she died.

No. ELEVEN. But she looked real natural in her coffin, Manda——

No. EIGHT. *(To* No. TWELVE*)* —home life——

No. TWELVE. *(Languidly assuming another pose)* Yes, yes, no doubt the home life is very beautiful, but I have my career—Caruso—when he heard me sing——

No. NINE. *(To* No. THREE*)* She off again about Caruso?—Well, I live next door to her and have for five years, and I can tell Mister Caruso that she's no canary.—Who's putting coal in the cellar my old man says when she starts a-warbling.

No. SIX. *(To disconsolate* No. SEVEN, *who has come back to seat and stands twisting handkerchief)* Men are coarse brutes, my dear. I never saw one yet that was any good——

No. SEVEN. Is that so?—I want you to know that my Archibald is the dearest, best boy on earth——

No. Two. I'll bet she ain't been married long—two months. *(To* No. Twelve, *who supplied the information)* In another six weeks——

No. One. *(Yelling)* Say—do you want to stay here all night gassin', 'cause if you do, I don't. I've gotta get home.

No. Eight. So must I. I put a dish of beans in the oven just before I left.

No. Nine. *(To* No. Eleven*)* They won't be fit to eat, she's the rottenest cook—I live across the street from her and——

No. Three. Sure, let's make it snappy. I've got a date.

No. Five. *(Timidly)* Really I think we should come to some verdict—it's what we are here for, isn't it?

No. Four. By all means, my good woman. Would you, ah, Madam Chairman, would you, ah restate the case. There has been so much babble——

No. One. *(Waxing sarcastic)* How many know now what we're here to decide?

No. Seven. *(Flopping angrily into seat)* Personally, I don't care.

No. Three. *(Tapping forehead to* No. Two*)* Nothing above the ears there.

No. One. If I can make myself heard above the din, I'd like to say that this is a breach of promise case. James—*(She finally gains the attention of the others)*—James Snodgrass is suing Amelia Stumps for $5,000 dollars' damages—he says she promised to marry him and shortly before——

No. Ten. He seems like a *very* nice man, so good——

No. Eleven. and kind, and——

No. Ten. handsome—and if you want my opin-

ion, much too good for that Stumps anyhow—— *(*No. Eleven *says "I think so, too.")*

No. Three. *(Powdering nose)* Well, you oughta know, kiddo——

get married.

No. Two. If he was wise he wouldn't want to

No. One. *(Rapping)* On the eve of the marriage, she called everything off, and as he had spent a great deal of time——

No. Three. It's all he spent, I know them cheap guys——

No. One. *(Fixing her with a baleful glance) And* money—money to the tune of twelve hundred dollars——

No. Six. It was itemized and——

No. Seven. Archibald says——

No. One. *(Very loud to stem the rush of conversation again beginning)* Twelve hundred is the amount, the lawyer says, and he is out that money. He wants five thousand damages——

No. Ten *and* Eleven. He ought to get it—the nice man——

No. Nine. Too much money. No woman's worth that——

No. Seven. Archibald says——

No. Three. My Gawd, who cares *what* Archibald says?

No. One. *(Rapping)* We aren't getting any place——

No. Three. No, you bet we ain't, and I gotta be sitting pretty at five——

No. Eleven. The poor, dear man, so——

No. Ten. good-looking. He ought to get more than——

No. Eleven. five thousand——

No. Two. *She* ought to get the cash, not him——

No. Nine. Get out. It's her money already——

No. Two. And he's after it. He ought to pay *her*—don't you think he ought to pay *her?* *(To* No. Four.*)*

No. Four. *(Stiffly)* Really, I haven't considered it——

No. Six. *(Hearing)* You *should* consider it—women must show that they are just as efficient as men——

No. Three. We're efficient. I *don't* think——

No. One. Will you all shut up and let *me* talk?

No. Nine. *(Sotto voce to* No. Eleven*)* One of them gassy females, I know her kind——

No. Twelve. Oh, let's get started and decide something——

No. One. Well, first of all, do you think she ever promised to marry him?

No. Six. If she didn't there wouldn't be any cause for action.

No. Four. And that is really the first sensible remark that has been made here this afternoon.

No. Three. *(Busy with lip stick)* Ain't it the truth?

No. One. All right, let's decide that first. Pass the slips and we'll take a vote on it.

(No. Six *passes out the paper slips.)*

No. Seven. What will I put down? *(Sucks pencil.)*

No. One. Yes or No.

No. Seven. Yes or No,—what?

No. Six. *(Wearily)* Did she or didn't she promise to marry him?

No. Seven. But how do I know? I wasn't there and, anyhow, I never meddle in anybody's business. Archibald doesn't like it.

No. Ten. She never got a chance to marry him——

No. Eleven. She'd have jumped at it, such a nice——

No. Ten. —handsome man.

No. Eleven. He's so spic and span and well——

No. Ten. —spruce.

No. Eight. *(As* No. Six *argues with* No. Seven*)* Willie said the cutest——

No. Nine. *(To* No. Three*)* My land, she's off again on that brat of a Willie.

No. Eight. "Mama," he says, "Mama"——

No. One. *(Loudly)* Put down on your slips. Yes or No. That's *all* I ask—*(To nobody in particular)* I'm near dead now——

No. Five. I think the lawyer said something about letters she wrote him, saying she would marry him——

No. Six. *(Nodding)* That's right, he did. They were introduced as evidence. She wrote a lot of letters——

No. Two. *(Waving pencil)* There's where she slipped up. Never put anything on paper is my motto, and I've come through four divorce suits without a scratch.

No. Nine. Guess they was all too glad to get rid of you to be fussy——

No. Ten. Isn't it queer how *some* women manage to get married——

No. Eleven. Now we dress plain——

No. Ten. but tasty—no gew gaws——

No. Three. Neat, not gaudy. *Good night!*

No. Seven. There's my slip. *(This starts the others and for a moment there is silence as all write.)*

No. Twelve. *(Under her breath, sings)* "Oh, that I were sweet sixteen."

No. Nine. *(To* No. Eleven*)* Sixteen! She'll never see forty again.

No. One. Stick the slips in this box. *(Box is passed and slips are collected and* No. One*, aided by* No. Six*, begins to count them.)*

No. Ten. It's just like——

No. Eleven. church.

No. Three. *(Shifting gum)* Only different.

No. One. *(Reading from slips)* "Yes, Yes, Yes, No, Yes, No, Yes—I don't know." I don't know. Whose is this?

No. Seven. I can't make up my mind, that's all.

No. Nine. None to make up.

No. Three. Only one brain, old top, and that's Archibald's.

No. Ten. Well, I think it's beautiful to be married and be so one——

No. Eleven. —in thought. I do, too. *(Both to* No. Five*)* Don't you?

No. Five. Oh, yes, yes, yes, indeed.

No. Two. Well, I believe in having a mind of my own—I've had four husbands——

No. Seven. And not a one left either, I notice——

No. Nine. That's a good one——

No. Two. Say, nobody asked *you* to chip in.

No. Nine. Is that so?

No. Two. That's so. You look like something the cat brought in, anyhow.

No. Three. Something fragrant from the alley, as it says in the Cosmopolitan——

No. Two. Do you read the Cosmopolitan?

No. Three. Well, I ain't blind yet, sweetie.

No. One. *(Finishing the slips)* There are 2 against and 9 for——

No. Four. The issue seems a trifle beclouded.

No. Three. *(Poking* No. Four *in the ribs)*

Clear as mud, old dear. *(*No. Four *is too full for utterance.)*

No. Six. She certainly promised to marry him.

No. Eight. Then she should have stuck to her bargain.

No. Seven. Oh, well, I might as well say Yes.

No. One. All right, that leaves ten Yes and two No.

No. Ten. She did not say she'd marry him, she never had the——

No. Eleven. —chance. No, sir.

No. Six. You two are "No," then.

No. Ten *and* No. Eleven. *(Nodding)* Yes, sir. we're NO.

No. Three. Ah, come on and change your mind. Make it short and sweet.

No. Eight. There's no accountin' for tastes. He might have asked her, you know.

No. Six. If he hadn't there wouldn't be any suit, would there? Of course not.

No. Ten. *(Weakening)* Well——

No. Two. She had cash—and he was after it——

No. Five. Actuated, no doubt, by ulterior motives——

No. Eleven. Oh, well, to be agreeable I'll say he did ask her.

No. Ten. Me, too.

No. One. So far, so good. We agreed on that. Now, he spent $1,200 and he wants $5,000.

No. Seven. What for?

No. One. *(Reading from notes)* Figuring that he would be reimbursed after the marriage.

No. Three. Well, the cheap stiff——

No. Ten. He needs something for his trouble—she'd stop——

No. Eleven. a clock.

No. Seven. Archibald says——

No. One. If you can drag your mind away from Archibald long enough to——

No. Six. We have decided that the evidence shows that she did say she would marry him—now, is it or isn't it worth five thousand for him to be jilted?

No. One. *(From notes)* His health has been ruined by worry and sleepless nights, his credit assailed due to inability to meet the bills he had run up——

No. Ten. The poor, dear man——

No. Eleven. It's a shame.

No. One. *(Heedless of the interruption)* The $1,200 were the whole of his savings.

No. Three. Ain't this the limit? Look at the time, near three o'clock, and I gotta date at five.

No. Two. You aren't the only one with a beau, dearie. Same here.

No. Ten. He ought to get 50,000, the poor——

No. Eleven. —dear man.

No. Two. Soak her for five to pay HIM. I guess not.

No. Six. The idea of a woman paying for anything.

No. Three. It ain't done, that's all.

No. Six. Here's the itemized account of what he spent the money for, or so he says: "Theater tickets, $200.00. Food at restaurants, $300.00——"

No. Three. He ett some of it himself, didn't he? Sure.

No. Two. He ate most of it. I know 'em. The gluttons.

No. Twelve. *(Dreamily and singing the first line of the song)* It reminds me of a little thing I used to sing—"I'm eating my heart out for you, dear, to-night, to-night."

No. Three. *(Powdering nose)* Companion

piece to "Where do we feed to-day, honey," I suppose.

No. Four. This Snodgrass person must be most peculiar to sue a woman for breach of promise to begin with. I really never heard of it before. Women, doubtful sort of creatures, do so occasionally, I am told, but a *man,* really——

No. Two. I quite agree with you, Mrs, ah—— *(Pauses for name.* No. Four *surveys her through lorgnette, but does not supply name.)*

No. One. We will take another ballot then.

No. Three. For Pete's sake, *yes,* I gotta get out of here.

No. Seven. Archibald will be *wild*——

No. Five. I have a lot of examination papers to go over.

No. Eight. I didn't think jury duty would take so long.

No. Six. It wouldn't if women would all pull together.

No. Three. Let's do a little pulling so I can pull out. Pass the box.

No. Six. We will ballot on the question, "Is he or is he not entitled to any damages, and if so, how much?"

No. Three. Answer Yes or No.

No. Seven. How can we decide how much? My Archibald says he wouldn't take ten million for *me.*

No. Nine. *(Writing on slip)* He's safe.

No. Three. You've said a mouthful.

No. Eight. Willie said to his father the other night, "Papa——"

No. Twelve. *(Sings as she writes on slip)* "I've been roaming, I've been roaming."

No. One. Now write down Yes or No. Is he entitled to any damages? Yes or No.

No. Eight. *(As she writes)* Who started this jury business for women?

No. Six. It is a woman's duty——

No. Eight. I've got nine children. Lord knows I've done mine.

No. Nine. And none of 'em have had a bath in six months.

No. Six. All ready. Pass the box. *(It is passed back and* No. Six *and* No. One *count them out.)*

No. Twelve. I'm sleepy.

No. Five. The air is bad. It gets that way at school. *(Gets up and opens the window.)*

No. Ten. Oh, goodness, put that down.

No. Eleven. I can't sit in a draft——

No. Ten. Ma died sitting by an open window.

No. Eleven. Do you know, I allus felt *I'd* go the same way?

No. Three. You're darn close to goin' that way right now.

No. One. We are 10 against any damages and two for damages.

No. Four. This is really very trying.

No. Two. We'll be here all night.

No. Seven. Oh, don't say that. Why, Archibald says he can't go to bed unless I am in his arms. *(Tittering from* No. Ten *and* No. Eleven.*)*

No. Eleven. 'Tisn't decent——

No. Ten. When I was a girl I wasn't allowed to mention a bed.

No. Three. What did you do, go to roost like a chicken?

No. Nine. I'll bet you roost, young lady.

No. Three. At any rate, I'm no old hen. *(Rouges, and* No. Two *powders.)*

No. Five. Don't juries disagree?

No. Six. *(Grimly)* Looks like it.

No. Five. I know, but isn't that usual?

No. THREE. God never made twelve women that would agree on anything, old girl.

No. ONE. Juries disagree and they are dismissed aren't they?

No. TWO. *Now* you're *talking.* We haven't agreed. We'll just disagree and everybody can go home.

No. FOUR. It is an excellent idea.

No. NINE. I want to whitewash my cellar to-day yet.

No. THREE. Let's beat it. *(Gets up.)*

No. ONE. *(Rising)* All right, I'm not stuck on being here.

No. SIX. When I was delegate to the Woman's Party Convention——

No. ONE. *(Interrupting)* Are we agreed, then to disagree?

(All speak together.)

No. SIX. Yes, yes.

No. FIVE. I think so, too.

No. SEVEN. Goodness, yes.

No. TEN *and* No. ELEVEN. Certainly. They aren't going to cheat that nice man.

No. THREE. You bet.

No. TWO. Sure.

No. NINE. It's a good idea.

No. TWELVE. *(Singing)* Yes, yes, yes, my darling.

No. EIGHT. As my Tommy says, "You betcha."

No. SIX. This is a very speedy decision. We should be proud of it.

(ALL gather up cloaks, etc. No. SEVEN rushes to the door and rattles it. Door opens and she is stopped by someone outside.)

No. Seven. But we're all through—we're going home, and I have *got* to telephone——

No. One. *(Pushing past her)* I'm doing the talking here, young lady. *(To unseen doorman)* We have decided on a verdict. Yes—all right, come on, girls.

(All file out rapidly. No. Seven, disgusted, and saying "What a boor" to No. Six. No. Three sticks gum under table, and goes out, getting into coat. No. Ten and No. Eleven talking together: "Such a good-looking, nice man." No. Nine elbows past them and is buttonholed by No. Eight.)

No. Eight. Did I tell you what my Clarence said the other night? "Mama," he said——

No. Two. *(To No. Three)* I got my divorces quicker than this.

(No. Five hurries out, putting on glasses again.)

No. Twelve. *(Resuming her "Dolores," walks and humming under her breath)* Tr la la, la la!

(No. Four, drawing away from the rest, surveys them through lorgnette and is very stiff but relieved.)

No. Seven. *(Crowding in at door again)* But it will only take me a second to telephone—— *(Door shuts and there is a short pause. Then the door opens again and in they come, fairly falling over each other in indignation. All are talking at once.)*

No. Three. My Gawd!

No. Two. We'll be here all night.

No. Nine. Goodness gracious.

No. Ten. What did he say?

No. Eleven. Dear me, dear me.

No. Four. Really very odd way to do.

No. One. Don't get so excited. The judge says we've got to agree.

No. Six. He said no twelve women could even agree to disagree in less than an hour. That's what makes *me* mad.

No. Seven. What happens now?

No. One. Go back and sit down. He says we've got to agree and we'll have to stay here till we do.

No. Three. *(As all flop into their seats again)* There goes my perfectly good date. *(Reaches for gum and begins to chew it again)* I call this Hell!

The curtain falls here for a few seconds to indicate the passage of several hours.

As the curtain rises, the lights are lighted, and outside the windows it is dark. The time is about nine o'clock in the evening. The window is closed. About the room are piles of papers, slips, large crumbled sheets, and the table is also littered with rejected ballots.

Jurors No. Two, Three, Six, Seven and Eight have taken off their hats and look mussed and worn to a frazzle. No. Four, not nearly as erect as before, still sits apart from the others, only farther to the right, she has removed her coat at last, but still wears her hat, but it is tilted over one ear, giving her a somewhat rakish look.

No. Three is still chewing her gum, but slowly and wearily, and No. One, her hat pulled down over her eyes, is resolutely counting ballots. No. Six, head propped wearily on her hand, is looking over No. One's shoulder. No. Ten and No. Eleven, with an expression of duty well done, sit erect and immaculate in their seats, heedless of the baleful glares

cast at them by the others, and apparently deaf to the audible sighs of weariness that fill the air.

No. Two is just pulling her hat off and throws it on the floor beside her chair, begins to powder her nose but is too tired.

No. Nine is striding wrathfully up and down the room at left.

No. Twelve stands draped at the window, humming under her breath.

No. Five is snoring softly in her seat and No. Seven, head on arms, is leaning on the table.

No. Six. *(Blowing nose loudly as* No. One *finished the counting)* The results are the same. Ten against damages, two for damages.

*(*No. Ten *and* No. Eleven *nod to each other with satisfaction.)*

No. Seven. *(Arousing to display a tried face)* I think it's *beastly!*

No. Nine. *(To* No. Twelve*)* Will you stop that infernal humming for one minute, anyhow——

*(*No. Twelve *tosses her head and hums.)*

No. Five. *(Waking)* What say——

No. Two. Someone must be paying you a nice fat sum to stick out like this.

No. Ten. I want to see him get $5,000.00 damages——

No. Eleven. I want to see justice done, that's all.

No. Ten. The poor, dear man, spending all his——

No. Eleven. money on that woman, and now where is he——

No. Four. *(Vehemently)* I wish he was in Jerico! *(The others look at her, amazed.)*

No. One. *(To* No. Ten*)* It does seem to me you could be reasonable——

No. Six. What difference does it make?

No. Nine. *(Stamping up and down)* I've lost a whole day's cleaning to sit on this jury.

No. Three. *(In a lost and gone voice)* And I've lost a perfectly good date.

No. Seven. What will Archibald think——

No. Eight. Who got my children their supper?

No. Nine. Oh, don't try to impress anybody here—they got it themselves as usual.

No. Eight. *(Losing her temper)* Is that so? Well, I'm as good a housekeeper as the next one——

No. Nine. You keep house like the song bird here.

No. Twelve. *(Coming down angrily)* Indeed! Of course, I consider the source of such remarks, my dear madam, and——

No. One. *(Scrapping over the slips with* No. Six*)* I'll 'tend to the ballots. Don't butt in so much——

No. Twelve. Those who are gifted by nature—— *(*No. Nine *laughs)* That's what I said. Caruso heard me sing, didn't he, and what did he say? He said that "after *that* he had no comment to make."

No. Nine. *(Still walking)* I can believe it.

No. Two. *(To* No. Three*)* Stop chewing that cud, you drive me crazy——

No. Three. Ain't got far to go, have you, dearie? *(All this is taken practically together.)*

No. One. *(Rapping)* We'll take another ballot.

No. Seven. *(Spreading out despairing hands)* But, what is the use? Look at the ballots we've

taken, look at the paper we've wasted—look at the muss——

No. Nine. *(Bouncing into a chair)* I'm looking at it.

No. Eight. It reminds me of what my Willie said in the street car. I asked him what he did with the peanut shells, and he piped up so smart: "I put 'em in the pocket of that man what sat next to me." Well, I laughed——

No. One. *(Firmly)* We will take *one* more ballot, and—*(Fixing* No. Ten *and* No. Eleven *with a fierce glance)*—I *hope* that the ones that don't think like we do, will listen to reason—— *(Begins to pass out the slips again.)*

No. Two. All this time wasted for a couple of old maids what are stuck on the slant of Snodgrass's eyebrow—— *(She says this in an undertone to* No. Eight, *but* No. Ten *and* No. Eleven *hear it.)*

No. Ten. *(Bridling)* Old maids, are we?—Well, I'd rather be an old maid and be respectable, than be one of them "wife-on-six-months' trial" females like *some* people I know of——

No. Eleven. *(Nodding)* Well, I guess so——

No. Two. *(Furious)* All that ails you is that you can't *get* a man so you've got your eye on Snodgrass——

No. Ten. *(Ignoring the thrust)* I'm glad I ain't one of them promiscuous creatures——

No. Eleven. with a new husband every week.

No. Two. *(Rapping on the table)* Look a-here, I won't let anybody insult *me*——

No. Six. *(Rapping)* Order, please——

No. One. I'm running this shebang——

No. Six. It isn't running—my dear madam—er, chairman—it has stopped dead in its tracks. We're setting the men a nice——

No. NINE. That's the word, set. It's all we've done—just set——

No. SEVEN. Anyhow, I think that judge is perfectly horrid——

No. FOUR. Certainly, he was anything but courteous.

No. SEVEN. Just wait till I tell Archibald. He'll come right down and give that judge a piece of his mind.

No. TWO. He hasn't any to spare or he wouldn't have married *you*.

No. SEVEN. *(Very angry)* Do you insinuate that my Archibald hasn't any brains—I want to tell you now, that he is the cleverest boy in the world, and—oh, well, when one is thrown in with such very doubtful people——

No. TWO. Looka here, I'm just as good as you are, or these old hens that are holding up the procession.

No. TEN. Don't put us in *your* class——

No. THREE. My Gawd, nobody could, you're in a class by yourself.

No. ONE. *(Rapping)* We'll take one more ballot—and hurry up——

No. SEVEN. I'm tired and I want to go home to my Archibald. *(She dashes the slip to the floor and flounces to the window* L.C. No. FIVE *goes after her and tries to console her and* No. SEVEN *talks and pouts)* No, sir, I want to go home.

No. THREE. *(Holding out her hand)* Put it here, kid, so do I. Let's go out and tell the old cherub on the bench that we're through——

No. TWELVE. *(Leaning wearily back in seat)* One can go to jail for a remark like that—I won't take any chances.

No. TWO. I'll tell you what. I'll go out and vamp the old boy, then I *know* we can go home——

No. Twelve. Then we *will* go to jail.

No. Two. Here we go.

No. One. Sit down and don't be a fool.

No. Seven. *(As* No. Two *sits again)* We won't get home to-night.

No. Eight. We won't get home till Christmas the way things is now. Why don't you two—*(To* No. Ten *and* No. Eleven*)*—listen to reason?

No. Ten. It's a matter of principle——

No. Nine. You're mashed on Snodgrass——

No. Four. *(Severely)* It does begin to look as though a strong motive exists.

No. One. We will take another ballot——

No. Two. I've got writer's cramp now.

No. Seven. *(Stamping foot at window)* I won't ballot any more.

No. Six. What are you holding out for?

No. Ten *and* No. Eleven. I think he is a very nice man.

No. Six. What man, that *is a man,* expects to be reimbursed for the money his courtship cost him?

No. Seven. Archibald said it was worth any amount to get me.

No. Three. Kill it, don't let it suffer.

No. Twelve. I feel faint—— *(Leans back.)*

No. Three. Pipe the temperamental prima donna.

No. Twelve. *(Sitting up angrily)* Oh, shut up.

No. Three. Say, I may be a poor woikin' girl, but I don't take no back talk from you.

No. Twelve. You'll take what I give you.

No. Three. *(Getting up)* And you'll take a poke in the eye, for that. *(Makes for* No. Twelve, *who rises and retreats in alarm.* No. One *raps vainly for order.* No. Ten *and* No. Eleven *jump up, shrieking, "Dear me! Dear me!")*

No. Nine. *(Gets up and grabs* No. Three's *arm*

and forces her back into seat, aided by No. Two*)* Here, here——

No. Four. *(Rising, horrified)* This is too much.

No. Eight. Now just calm yourselves——

No. Seven. Oh, ho, ho, bo hoo, I want Archibald. *(Roars while* No. Five *tries to comfort her)* I'm scared——

No. One. *(As* No. Seven *tries to get up)* Sit down.

No. Five. You're nothing but a big bossy thing and it's no wonder we can't decide anything with you for the foreman.

No. One. *You*—you idiot—— *(Stops, speechless with wrath.)*

No. Six. Oh, shut up.

No. Ten. *(Settling herself again)* Such behavior——

No. Eleven. Woman's place is in the home. and——

No. Three. Your's is in the lunatic asylum. *(Sees* No. Four *surveying the scene through her lorgnette)* You make me tired with that monacle. I'll bet you can see a nickle at a hundred yards without it.

No. Four. Indeed. *(Mutters)* Impossible person.

No. One. Pass back the slips and stop cackling.

*(*No. Three *and* No. Two *freshen up their make-up.* No. Twelve *sings again.* No. Five *polishes glasses nervously and* No. Six *blows nose.* No. Eight *sighs audibly,* No. Nine *yawns, and* No. Seven *wipes eyes.)*

No. One. *We're still ten to two!*

(Then the pent-up fury of the women breaks. All

talking at once, all crowding about the frightened spinsters, several pace the floor, stopping to berate No. Ten *and* No. Eleven.*)*

No. Nine. *(Shaking* No. Eleven *by the arm)* Now you've got to quit this——

No. One. This is awful.

No. Five. *(Aroused from her mildness)* What are you thinking of?

No. Seven. *(Pounces upon* No. Ten *also)* I won't stand any more foolishness—No. Two, I'll wring your neck. *(To* No. Eleven.*)*

*(*No. Ten *and* No. Eleven *utter little shrieks and once in a while above the din they can be heard saying:)*

No. Ten. Nice man—cheated by a lot of prejudiced women——

No. Eleven. I won't do it. I see *my* duty—poor, dear man——

No. Four. *(Deigning to notice* No. Twelve*)* What time is it, anyhow?

No. Twelve. *(Over sweetly)* It's nine o'clock.

No. Four. *(Horrified)* And we have been here *seven mortal hours* deliberating about a person named SNODGRASS? *Really!*

No. Six. *(Waving hands)* This is what is called a "Hung" jury.

No. Three. They oughta *both* be hung——

No. Two. Come on now——

No. Five. Why don't you vote yes?

No. One. Here, here, we'll take another ballot——

No. Ten. There's no use in any more ballots. I'm going to see that man get his money if we have to stay here all day to-morrow.

No. Eleven. And that's our last word.

(All crowd around again and the hubbub is worse than ever. All talk at once and jostle No. Ten *and* No. Eleven.*)*

No. Seven. You are wicked old women——

No. Two. He won't marry either of you.

No. One. Here's your women's jury for you.

No. Four. *(Actually joining in the fray)* You are both beneath contempt.

No. Three. My Gawd, can you beat it?

No. Twelve. You've been bribed.

No. Ten. Don't you dare call me a thief.

No. Eleven. Don't you dare touch me.

No. Ten. I'll call the judge.

No. Six. Couple of fools.

No. Nine. I'll slap your face.

No. Eight. They ought to be horsewhipped.

No. Ten *and* No. Eleven. Dear me, dear me!

No. Seven. All this time away from Archibald and what for?

No. Twelve. Let the men sit on juries.

No. Two. Sure, they like to fight.

No. Six. This is women's day.

No. One. And night, too, I'm thinkin'.

No. Eleven. $5,000.00 damages, and that's our last word.

No. Three. It would be if I had a gun.

No. Ten. *(Shricking)* Help! Help!

No. Eleven. Murder! *(They try to get away by huddling into the corner. All this is taken very fast and all talk at once.)*

No. Four. *(Getting faint and sinking into her chair)* Oh, mercy!

*(*No. Twelve *applies smelling salts that she takes*

from her own bag. During all this there is repeated knocking at the door.)

No. Eight. Hark—hark—someone's at the door.

No. Ten *and* Eleven. *(Scuttling for the door)* It's the judge—he's come to rescue us.

No. Seven. It's Archibald, he's here at last. *(She runs to the door and rushes past them.* No. Six *gets there last, but shoves them all aside.* No. One *starts for door also. All turn and* No. Four *sits up.)*

No. Six. *(Opening the door)* What is it? *(Is surprised at a note that is handed in)* From the Judge? Oh, very well. *(Begins to tear it open as the door closes again.* No. One *grabs it out of her hand.)*

No. One. I'm foreman of this jury *yet,* and I'll do the reading. *(*No. Ten *and* No. Eleven *sneak back and stand at window* L.C. *trying to settle their ruffled plumage like a couple of angry hens.* No. One *takes her place at the head of the table)* Take your seats and shut your mouths and listen to this. *(They crowd about the table, but do not sit.* No. Ten *and* No. Eleven *come down* L. No. One *takes note from envelope, opens it, glances at it and looks astounded. Reads in a breathless manner)* "Word has just been received by the Court that the plaintiff, James Snodgrass, and the defendant, Miss Amelia Stumps, have been married this evening. The case is therefore dismissed!"

(There is a gasp and the jury is speechless with horror. No. Ten *and* No. Eleven *finally find voice and shriek, "MARRIED?"* No. Two, No. Twelve *and* No. Nine *fall into seats, absolutely overcome.)*

No. Four. *(Spreading out her hands)* And *we*—*we've* been here *seven hours!*

No. Three. *(Falling into her seat, clapping her hand to her forehead)* "Oh, Death! where is thy sting?"

CURTAIN

The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2¼ hours.

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A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

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